REDEEMING HIS NAME.

Author of "A Daughter of Israel," "Sir Mortimer's Heir," Etc.

CHAPTER I AN UNEXPECTED MEETING. "Maude!

"Dick!" Then the two who had suddenly and unin allence-he with a look of passionate earnestness, she with heightening colour and quivering lips.

pressed emotion; 'but that is nothing new. he added, with a short, bitter haugh. "You are slways in my thoughts, Mande."

His words made the girl draw herself up to her full height, and the momentary flush died out of her delicately chiseled face.

"We cannot stand here," she said, with quiet dignity, "We are blocking up the way, and attracting attention, Good-by." And

she held out her hand to him. "Good-by?" he echoed blankly, "You are not going to be so cruel as to dismiss me like this, when it is months since I saw you

They were standing on the narrow payement in St. Paul's Churchyard, and during the brief moments of their meeting more than one passer-by had turned to gaze at

them with curiosity or amusement. They were by no means an ordinarylooking pair. Richard Hanbury's tall, well- and humiliation, knit frame and handsome face made him conspicuous even in a London crowd; and the girl with whom he was pleading was a

beauty of no common type.
"We cannot stand here," she repeated faltering. "I-I do wish you would go, Mr.

"Mr. Hanbury?" he echoed, in dismay. "Has it come to that, Maude?" She looked up into his face with sudden

"You know it came to that long ago, so please go!" And she turned away from

"Won't you give me five minutes, Maude?" he said, striding after her. know what it will mean to me if you don't." She paused, and a look of mingled pain and compassion came into her face which he was quick to see, and, seizing his opportunity with desperate eagerness, he ex-

"Let us so into St. Paul's. We can talk

The girl hesitated a moment more; then. in silence, she turned and walked by his side as he led the way up the broad flight of steps into the stately cathedral.

'I-I have been trying so hard to-to keep right, for your sake, darling," he whispered. "And if you had sent me away from you, I should have been driven to desperation again. Oh, Maude, will you not give me one more chance?"

They had taken two seats in a quiet part of the great solemn building, with no one near enough, or concerned enough, to notice them. At his words the girl again drew back, with a deprecating gesture.

"I can only remain here, Richard, on condition that you will keep to your promise.

"The promise that we should meet as friends, and nothing more," she answered. keeping her eyes steadily averted from his. "I don't see how it is possible," he cried.
"Life is unbearable without you, Maude!" again forgetting the compact, he leaned forward and laid his hand on hers.

"Richard"-and there was a tone of horror in Maude Illingworth's voice-"you are not true to your promise, in more ways than one. You have broken your vow again,

The young man drew back, and a Jeep flush mounted to his brow.

"How can you expect anything else?" ?e muttered. Then, after a moment's silence. he exclaimed passionately, "I always told you, Maude, that you were my one safeguard from the curred drink! With your ruin, I could have got right-I know perfectly well I could have got right! But without you I have nothing-absolutely nothing -to keep me!" And he covered his face

"It was never so, Richard," she answered owly. "Even in the days when I was your affianced wife you would not give up this

But I didn't see things then as I do now. he said, with un expression of utter miser; in his face. "And-and I did not appreciate you, or love you, as much as I do now, I don't seem to care what be since you have shown me that I am nothing to you. I tell you, Maude, when a man is desperate it is easy enough to fall into the

The girl shuddered convulsively at his ords; while he continued gloomily:
"If you had only had a little more pa-

"Patience, Richard?" she echoed sadly, "I do not think you can accuse me of not hav-

"Dick," she said, as they stood side hi nent, "will you ask God to help you? I feel sure He must have power to cure this fearful habit-to cast out this vil-for it is nothing less; and-and to make you a new man. Oh, surely He will added, laying her hand for one brief mo-ment upon his arm. "Promise me you will ask Him to-to give you power to resist the temptation when it comes."

hand in his and holding it as in a vise. "Nothing but that can save you, Dick," she said, with gulvering lips. "I am con

vinced of it. Now go. I want to be here

He let ber hand fall from his grasp; and, without trusting himself to look at her

For some moments she stood where he had left her; then she knelt down, sob silently. If only He, the Christ, were still on earth, she thought. He would have compassion on him, and hid him be free from the accurred thing; but he seemed so far

She had prayed so often, and her prayers had been unanswered; and yet-and yet he had said: "Ask, and it shall be given you seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Yes, there must be some way of approach to him, if only she had just left her-that God would hear him. and help to overcome temptation, and she believed it implicitly; but even now, as she tried to pray for him, the barrier between herself and God seemed to become greater. and from her heart, if not her lips, was wrung the cry, so often uttered by souls groping in darkness: "Oh, that I might know where I might find Him!"

And Richard Hanbury, vowing once again that he would "turn over a new leaf," came slowly down the cathedral steps, and made his way towards Lombard Street, whither he had been going when he had met Maude Illingworth. He told himself, as he had done times without number, that he was a brute, a degraded wretch, a madman, not only to throw away his own life, but to bring sorrow and shame to the dear-

est, sweetest girl that ever drew breath! Then he suddenly remembered the er-and upon which he had come, and, with something not unlike a malediction upon his lips, he crossed the wide lobby, and walked, ed lips and frowning brow, up the wide stairway. Pushing open a given sin; but his eyes had been opened as

several clerks were at work. At his appearance these individuals exchanged significant glances with one another, a proceeding which did not escape expectedly met stood gazing at one another the notice of the new-comer, who was seized with an almost irresistible temptation to punch the head of the nearest.

nd quivering lips.
"I was just thinking of you." he said, he said, haughtly. And then stood, with presently, and his voice trembled with supwent to do his bidding.

CHAPTER II.

BROKEN VOWS It was some moments before the clerk returned, and Richard Hapbury, furning with indignation, walked over to the window and looked out on the hurrying throng in the street below, with eyes that saw nothing. The slience in the office was broken only by the scratching of pens; but the young man was keenly conscious of the significant looks that were being exchanged

He knew that every clerk in the firm of Philip Hanbury was aware of his position, and why he no longer occupied the post he had held in his father's lifetime, and the thought made his blood tingle with rage

He was just about to send another messenger after the first, when the man re-turned, to say that Mr. Hanbury would see him; and, with some twenty pairs of eyes directed toward him, he walked, with head erect, to the door which communicated

with his brother's private office. He had not been in the place for some time, and as he passed down the familiar passage a rush of memories swept over him him again and again, and had done his utmost to keep him from the path of ruin.

As he thought of the gray head bent over the desk, and the kind face, seamed with lines of care-which he had helped to bring there-something very like tears gathered in his eyes; but the callous and indifferent look came back as he opened the door at the end of the passage, and entered an offloe marked "Private."

Instead of the gray hairs and the bent form, a sleek, black head, set on a pair of well-knit shoulders, was raised as Richard appeared in the doorway, and a cold, netallic voice greeted him with an abrupt "Good-morning!" which salutation the younger man answered by a careless nod.

Thus the two brothers met-Philip Han bury, the polished gentleman, the pride and support of his family, the respected citizen. the irreproachable business-man; and Richard, his brother, drunkard and profligate! "I was just going out," the former said-

and he glanced toward his sleek silk hat and gold-headed umbrells, which lay at his v-"and can only spare five minutes." "You are always out, or just going cut, when I happen to come!" retorted the other, with a scornful curl of his handsome lin-I have called about the money which was due to me six weeks ago. Perhaps you will inform me why it has not been sent?" Philip Hanbury's face grew a shade paler.

"I am afraid you will have to wait still longer for it," he answered. "No dividends have yet been paid."

"I don't believe you, Philip. You have put me off like this before. I want the money, and shall be obliged if you will write no out a check for the amount while I wait." "I tell you the money has not been said in." Philip answered, with lips that were white with passion, "and I have no intention of advancing it."

"Then I shall be under the painful neces sity of inquiring into the matter," said nis brother, seating himself in the nearest chair. "You had better write me out a check at once, Philip, and save any unpleasantness." And, leaning back, he surveyed the other,

with a strange light shining in his eyes "And who are you, that you should dare Hanbury rose to his feet, his handsome well-cut features drawn with suppres "Leave my office at once, or I will have you turned out!"

Richard rose also, and the brothers stoo together, face to face.

Richard was the stronger, finer man o the two, and in their boyhood days he had always come off best in the fights which occasionally took place between them. It was difficult work at this moment to keep his hands off the man whose presence seemed elways to rouse his worst passions; but he did so, and, moving a step or two backwards, he said, with a calmness that surprised himself:

"Don't let us have any more humbug Philip. Give me the money that is due to me, and I will go. Remember, you can't rob me of this, as you have of everything

Philip tried to speak, but the words died away on his lips; and, with blanched cheek and trembling hands, he once more sat down at the deak, and took his check book from a drawer. Then, in stience, he filled in one of the pink slips, and handed it to his brother, averting his eyes from Richard's face while the latter folded it carefully and put it into his breast pocket.

Then, happily for both, a knock came at the door, and, with a cold "Good-morning," the brothers parted.

Richard arose from his seat in the quie sanctuary, resolving that he would, at any rate, fulfill his promise to Maude, whatever the result might be; and, passing once more down the steps, he walked leisurely go straight back to his rooms.

Why. Dick, old man, this is a piece of good fortune! I was just contemplating putting a bullet through my brains when I

Richard turned, with a frown on his face toward the man who had, unconsciously to himself, been tracking his footsteps, but the good nature which had played a very large part in Dick Hanbury's downfall got the mastery of his sterner feelings, and for a moment or two he surveyed the new-come

"You look pretty bad, Bobby," he said. "What have you been doing with yourse'f?" "Only starving, old boy!" was the rigu brious answer. "I haven't had a square meal since my landlady turned me out of house-and-home six weeks ago."

to sudden compassion. "You shan't stary any longer then, if I can help it. I have not thing together at once."

Once more the power of evil had dogged his steps, and once more he yielded o its sway, with the result that, two hours later. staggering and reeling through one of the main streets of the city, he stumbled helpemerging from a building, one of whom war

CAPTER III.

"HE CAME TO HIMSELF."

There was no sleep for Richard Hanbury that night. Like the prodigal son, he had come to himself, and his past life, in its true light, lay open before him. Never until now had he realized the wickedness of having squandered the precious life intrusted to him. Never before nad he felt the burden and guilt of unconfessed and unforbaise door on the first floor, he en- | he had listened to the testimony of a man and without hope. The Holy Spirit had brought home to him his own deep need of pardon and salvation; and to-night, as he paced his room, his heart went out in agonized prayer for the forgiveness of his sin, and deliverance from the curse that had held him so long.

But as yet he knew not the simplicity of God's way of salvation, and all through the hours of that night flercer and flercer the battle raged.

Returning day brought no relief, and once more he left the house, and wandered aimlessly through Kensington Gardens, and thence to the Park, wondering whether the time would ever come when the open-air meeting would again assemble.

This time there was no shrinking or turning back. He was desperately in earnest If salvation from sin and guilt was to be had, he must get it, at all costs. He cared nothing now for what his friends might think or say of him. He was willing to lose the whole world-yes, even though it included the girl he almost worshiped. An all-absorbing desire possessed him to find deliverance from that which had wrecked and ruined him; and whatever the consequences might be, he would seek and obtain it, or end the matter in another way.

But Richard Hanbury had unconsciously come to the place where three parts of the battle had already been fought, and there was but little more to make the victory

"My Dear Maude,"-(this was not the way | been wrought.

Maude had received a letter from Dick. Thrusting it into her pocket with trem-bling hands, she sped away to her own room, and read it there.

Dick usually began his letters, not even

since she had broken off her engagement

f surprise and disappointment as she read

"I have not dared to write to you, lest

the wonderful change that has come into

my life should, after all, prove to be only a delusion, and pass away; but three weeks

have gone since I discovered that there was

a way out of my misery and sin, and to-

day, instead of its being 'only a delusion,' I am proving a to be a great and a glorlous

sure that only religion could save me? I

did not know what you meant at the time,

but I know now, I know that it is the one

remedy for me. And yet I cannot call this

a cold word, and does not express anything

"I have not found 'religion,' but Christ. It

is he who has delivered me from my sin,

and filled me with loathing for the old life.

"I am making arrangements to leave England very shortly, feeling persuaded

that it will be wisest and best to do so; but

before I go I would like to bid you farewell.

"Is this too much to ask you, Maude? Be-

lieve me, it is not with the hope that things

nay be as they were before, but because

want to tell you how I sought and found

"You will get this letter somewhere about

midday, and if you will grant me the favor

ask, you will find me waiting for you at

She read the letter straight through with-

out a pause. Could such a communication

while her heart thrilled with mingled feel-

ngs of joy and dismay. What did he mean

by these strange expressions? Was it some

phase of religious excitement that had pos

that mysterious influence which she had al-

Her first impulse, after reading the letter

through a second and a third time, was to

take it to her father; but she did not do so

and a moment or two later she had put or

her walking-things, and was on her way to

"OLD THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY."

up and down one of the quiet paths of

There was a look on his face that had not

een there in the past, when he had waited

in the same spot for the girl he loved; and,

although his heart gave a great bound every

now and again, as he caught sight of the

flutter of a dress among the trees, it was

or could it be that he had indeed found

DICK."

he deliverance that has come to me.

the old spot.

ways believed in?

the old trysting place.

ensington Gardens.

of the peace and joy that has come into my

erful change 'religion.' That is such

reality.

with him, and her heart gave a great throl

less suspense of the old days.

A great change had been wrought in his whole being, and the consciousness of this

losing all that life held dearest. He could not believe as he walked up and down the familiar pathway that he had come there to bid a last farewell to Maude -or, what was more likely still, that he would leave the country without seeing her at all; and yet he told himself he loved her more than ever, but that Other Presence had come into his life, making it possible to face the future alone.

"Dick!" It was her voice that softly and tremu lously broke in upon his thoughts, and, turning swiftly upon his heel, he found her at his side.

He drew a long breath as he took her hand in his, but no words came to his lips. She was the first to speak. "I got your letter," she said falteringly, lifting her soft brown eyes to his; then

wonderingly she fixed them there. Something in his face and in his whole manner told her that it was not the Richard Hanbury of one short month before, and a sudden rush of joy swept over

"God has done great things for me," he whispered, as, with throbbing heart, he watched her changing expression, "far behe has blotted out all the past, and made | filled with sudden tears,-"he--" me a new man in Christ Jesus."

"Maude!" "Dick!" Then the two who had so suddenly and unexpectedly met stood gazing at one

another in silence.

he saw the look of bewilderment on her

face. "I know it must seem strange to you,

and hard to believe, that-that it should all

come about so suddenly. I was afraid

when I wrote to you that you might think

it was all excitement, or perhaps only a

ruse to tempt you back into the old rela-

Then as she did not answer, he continued

rapidly, not daring to trust himself to look

"I would not do you the wrong now.

She started violently, and the crimson

color flooded her cheeks and brow, leaving

"I could not do it, as I told you in my

letter," he went on: and every word he ut-

tered was wrung in agony from his soul.

"I could not, Maude-I could not! I have

never been worthy of you; I never shall

She tried to speak, but a sob checked her

Then he turned suddenly and faced her.

nake it harder for me to leave you. Goo

only knows what it has cost me to make

up my mind to see your face no more-to

"Why should you go?" she cried. "Why

cannot you live this new life here? Why

should you not prove to all those who have

known your past that there is a Power to

The Dick Hanbury of the old days could

not have resisted such an appeal, and he

"It is best so," he answered gently, "You

ought to be free-as you are now-to marry

a man whose past life has been other than

"Dick," she sobbed, forgetting all else but

the thought of losing him, "won't you stay

and help me to live the life that you have

told me of? Don't you think I need it

just as much as you needed it? Let things

we agreed to be; but do not go away. Dick,

His heart beat tumultuously at her words.

"Maude," he whispered. "I am beginning

to forget all the resolutions I have been

making for the last fortnight; but I must

| not-I dare not-" Then, after a moment's

remain as they are now. We cannot be

mere 'friends,' Maude-at least, I cannot.

But"-his "resolutions" were coming down

now like a house of cards-"if-if-. Oh.

this to you? If-if at the end of two years

-perhaps one year-I can tell you honestly,

and before God, that I have not given way

child, am I doing you a wrong by saying

-I could not bear that!"

emain as they are. Let us be friends, as

marveled at the strange calmness that pos-

egin life in a new country-to-

sessed him.

Meanwhile Richard Handury paced slowly | pause: "It is impossible that things should

"Maude-Maude!" he groaned, "do not

them a moment later as white as death.

Mande, to ask you to renew our engage

ment.

have trusted him, too, Maude," he said, as ahead.

"You will understand it all when you them, and was not more than fifty yards

misdoings.

rest."

in a pitiful sob.

into the lobby

and bewildered manner.

CHAPTER V.

CRUSHING NEWS.

It was just a month since Richard had

called at his brother's office. He remem-

bered, almost with wonder, how he had

felt the last time he had walked up the

broad flight of steps leading to the hand-

some premises. Then his heart had been

Phillip: now he felt a strange longing to see

him, and to ask his forgiveness for his past

So full was he of his own thoughts that

he did not notice the strange manner and

dazed look of the old clerk who met him at

"Have you, not heard the terrible news, Richard?" he said, with trembling lips, in

answer to Dick's request to see his brother.

"Terrible news!" echoed the young man

"Oh, sir, it's awful! There's Been a smash

and-and Mr. Philip has gone-gone righ

away, sir, no one knows where. He has not

been at the office for some days; but we

complaining of feeling poorly, and sent

word to Mr. Wilders that he was taking a

And the old man, who had been in the

firm before Richard was born, broke down

"But what do you mean about a smash?"

Richard exclaimed, growing pale, although

"Why, sir, that everything is lost-gone-

great beads of perspiration gathered on his

the news had not altogether surprised him

and has been for some time, though none of us knew it!" the old man answered, while

brow, "But the climax came last evening

and the whole city is ringing with the news.

Mr. Richard; none of us 40, except Mr.

poor lady-to poor Mrs. Hanbury."

knew next to nothing of the particulars,

Wilders, and he has gone to break it to the

"Tell me what you do know, Somers,"

Richard said, quietly, drawing the old man

Within the office he could see the other

clerks standing about in confused groups,

"It would seem that Mr. Philip has been

speculating, ard-and doing many foolish

things; but one does not know what to be-lieve of all that is being said." And the old

clerk lifted his hand to his head in a dazed

"Mr. Wilders will tell you all, sir," he

added; "he has not been gone very long,

and you would be sure to and him at Mrs.

Richard stand a few moments longer

but he could get little or nothing further

from the old man, except what he had al-

and he could hear their excited whispers.

didn't think much of that, as he had been

the door of the main office.

blankly. "What news, Somers?"

with bitterness and rage against

you then to be my wife?"

BY ELIOT MALCOLM,

Her head had drooped upon her breast. "Why do you ask me this, Dick," she said, "when-when you must know I could after promising the girls to return that Mrs. Hanbury and the girls had returned. outwelghed all else, even the probability of

have but one answer to give you?" "Maude," he cried, with passionate earnestness, "is is possible that God will let me that is bad?"

"That is not true, Dick!" she said, laying her hand on his arm, "There has been the one great sin, but that is all."

"All?" he echoed, with a shudder of horror. "Was it not enough to make you loathe and despise me-enough to shut me out of God's presence forever? No, Maude, I felt, when I came to myself, and saw the past in its true light, that I could not ask you again to share such a life as mine had been; but if you will-if you can again trust me, in a year-two years-then-

"I will, Dick," she answered simply, "And meanwhile I want you to teach me how to get what you have got." He was too overjoyed to answer for some

"Is it right of me to let you my darling?" he said, when at length he could control his voice. "What will your father say? What

will be think of me for-"Father loves you still, Dick." she inter rupted. "He has never changed toward youd anything I ever dreamed of. He has you. It was only the one thing that made not only sobered me-that would have been him refuse to give me to you. But if-if a miracle, if he had done nothing else-but | God can keep you from that"-and her eyes

She did not finish her sentence, for the And then, as she listened with bated next moment he had caught her in his breath, he told her how the change had arms, regardless of the fact that a nursemaid, with a perambulator, had just passed

the house in Belgravia.

But it was useless to attempt to talk to his mother in her present condition. And, see Mr. Wilders, the head clerk, whom he | turn back. the great stately mansion closed upon him he came face to face with Maude Hling-

worth. For a moment or two neither of them spoke; then he said, as he took her hand in his:

"You have heard the terrible news, Maude?" She nodded silently, and tears filled her

eyes. "It seems incredible; and yet-and yet it does not altogether surprise me." Richard continued. "I have thought Philip's manner very strange at times when we have talked of money matters. I hear that my mother and the girls will be penniless; but I don't know how that is possible, as my father

for them." "Everything was left in Philip's hands." Maude answered, "Father has often told me Mr. Hanbury trusted Philip so absolutely." "Can you spare me a few moments, Maude? There is another matter I must talk to you about." And Richard's face

was too wise a man not to make provision

grew white as death. She looked at him quickly, and her heart died within her.

"I know what you want to say," she faltered. "You are going to tell me your money has gone with the rest." "No," he answered, as they turned and

walked slowly down the broad pavement. Mother has told me this morning that it has not been touched. Philip had evidently no power to meddle with the capital, though I know he often kept back the interest until he was compelled to give it to me. I am not yet sure that the information is correct; but Wilders evidently knows more than any one else, and it was he who told my mother.'

Maude could not hide the feeling of thankfulness and relief that filled her heart at his words.

"Oh, Dick!" she whispered while the crimson color suffused her sweet, shy face. 'I am glad-so glad! Do you know, dear, I told father all that you said to me, andand he has given his consent once morethat is, if-if for one year you are true to your word, and-and you have kept from the old sin."

"Maude!" he cried, with white, trembling

But he could get no further, while she continued in the sweet, low tones that thrilled his heart with passionate yearning: "Father was so glad, Dick! I have never seen him so touched before. I told him how you had said that Christ had done it all. and-and that you wanted me to seek him as my savior, as you had done, And, oh. Dick, I have! I came to him just as you told me to do; and I think I know now-but only just a little bit-what it means to have

found him. I know how glad you are." Still, he did not answer, and, looking up nto his face, she saw a strained and agonized look upon it she had never seen there

"It is very thoughtless of me to talk of this now, Dick," she said, "when-when you are in such trouble about Philip and your poor mother and sisters, but I thought you would like to know."

"My darling." he groaned-"my own true love! what must I do? Tell me, what must do? Maude, it is you who have always advised me and helped me, and you must do so now. She looked at him with eyes full of ten-

derest sympathy. "You mean with regard to your mother ind sisters?" she said, gently, "The need you now, of course, Dick."

Unconsciously she had made the way easier for him, but she herself was totally unprepared for what he had to say. "If it is true that they are penniles

Maude, and-and I have 400 a year still left to me, what must I do?" Then in a moment the whole situation

burst upon her. "There is only one thing you can do, Dick," she said, fantly. "You must take them to live with you."

TET KEET CHAPTER VL AT LASTI

Twelve months had rolled away. Once again it was springtime, and the little suburban garden was looking quite gay with its bed of daffodils and its hedge of flowering privet, which hid it from the curious gaze of passers-by. Dick had planted the bulbs there, because he remembered how fond his mother had always been of daffodils, and he had been so glad when he saw that they gave her some little pleas-

She was so hard to please. How could it be otherwise, he told himself, when she had never known before what it was to do without things, and now there was so much she could not have?

He very soon made the discovery that his' income of 400 a year was insufficient to meet his wants and those of the three girls and after much difficulty he succeeded, through Mr. Illingworth's interest, in getting a post in the city, which brought him in another hundred a year; but it meant toiling from early morning to late at night-a conof things that the Dick Hanbury of the old days could never have stood.

He was thankful for the work, however as it kept him from thinking, and it enabled him to add the extra comforts to the household that could not otherwise have been possible. ruin of Philip Hanbury had bee

een brought back from South America, whence he had fied for refuge, and condemned to a felon's cell for a term of ten Maude and her father set sall for s nonths of travel in a distant land, while Dick went back to grind at the post that Mr. Illingworth's interest had secured him. It was hard work at first to toll with a

loneliness and yearning for that which It was Saturday afternoon, and Dick he come home to find that his mother and sisters had taken advantage of the fine day and had gone for a drive to Richn

Park. He thought, with a sigh, that they might have waited for his return to, at any rate pay him the compliment of asking him to go with them; but he was not altogether sorry for the few hours of quiet that would be his meanwhile; and, shutting himself up in the tiny room at the top of the house, which he had appropriated as his sanctum he opened the book that had already begun to show upon its pages the marks of fre-

quent usage. the leaves to find a passage that had been unning through his mind that day-"strange that he, the once godless, reckless Dick Hanbury, should find his greatest to him till one short year ago! And, with ready told him; and presently he hurried pleasure in the book that had been sealed

tered a large, well-appointed office, where who, like himself, had lived without God, not with the feverish anxiety and breath- to the old sin, will you let me ask away, taking the shortest possible route to a heart full of thankfulness that it should be so, he went on with his search.

But suddenly the sound of a carriage stopping at the front gate told him that night, he took leave of them, intending to The sky had begun to cloud over during the

go back to the office in Lombard street to last hour, and this must have made them have you as my own-I, who have been all | had again just missed; but as the door of | Mrs. Hanbury always expected him to meet her, and to give her his arm, and, with

a little sigh of resignation, he closed the

book and went downstairs. In the hall he met the servant with a card

in her hand. "There is a gentleman in the drawingroom, Mr. Hanbury?' she said. "A gentleman!" Richard echoed, with some surprise, for visitors never came to

No. 2, The Laburnums. Then he glanced at the card, and a crimson flush dyed his cheek and brow. Upon the little piece of pasteboard was inscribed the name. "Robert Hlingworth."

"I did not know you were in England, sir!" he stammered forth a moment later, as the old man clasped his hand in silence. "We came back last week." Mr. Illingworth said presently. "The warm climate did not suit Maude, and I had finished the business I had to do there, so we had no

object in remaining." At the mention of Maude's name Dick flushed painfully, and the words which were upon his lips died away.

Then Mr. Illingworth seated himself in a chair near the window, and looked out upon the little garden with eyes that saw nothing. He was not a man who could beat about the bush, and he had come to see Richard on a very important matter.

"It has been a hard year for you, my boy," he said, turning round presently and facing Dick, while the corners of his mouth began to twitch in a way they had when he was greatly moved; "but you have fought the fight bravely-you have kept your word."

Dick looked at him in genuine surprise. "I have only done my duty, sir. But how to you know I have kept my word?"

"Do you think I got you into that office for nothing, Dick?" Mr. Illingworth said; and, in spite of the tears that were not far off, something like a mischievous twinkle came into his eyes. "It was putting you between the milistones; but they have done their work. Dick, and you are a better man for the discipline, aren't you?"

"I think I am, sir." Dick answered. "At any rate, it has been a very great help to me; my mother and sisters could not have managed otherwise." "Poor things-poor things," murmured

Mr. Illingworth; "it has been a bitter experience for them; but you have behaved nobly toward them. Dick, and at the cost of your own happiness." Then he began to pace the room in strange, nervous fashion, while Dick.

scarcely daring to let himself speculate as to the reason of his visit, watched him with bated breath. A wild sope had seized him a moment before, only to be crushed back as the height of felly and presumption; but Mr.

Lidhgworth's next words sent the blood coursing through his veins. "You have kept your word. Dick, and Maude is yours," the old man said, laying his hand suddenly upon his shoulders. It was some moments before Dick could

speak; then he murmured, with faltering "I have nothing to offer her, sir, My mother and sisters-But Mr. Illingworth interrupted him with

broken words and eyes that were filled with

"I said she should be yours. Dick, if I knew that the old habit had been given up. and you were honestly striving to live a new life; and as you have kept your part of the compact I cannot do less than keep fer her," he added, as he saw Dick was about to interrupt him, "my savings were considerable during your father's lifetime, and the property I invested in, and which Maude and I lately went to look at, has turned out a very great success. Moreover, my friend Matthews is willing to find you & more lucrative post; so, if you will consent to give an old man a home for the remainder of his days, I think we shall be able

to manage very well." But Dick could not answer, and the next moment he had buried his face in his hands. while great sobs shook his frame,

Richard Hanbury and Maude Illingworth were married a few weeks later, and in the happy years that followed the former not only sought every opportunity of rede ing his own name, but of helping others who had fallen to do the same.

THE END.

Three of a Kind. add

Ella: "Bella told me that yell told her
that secret I told you not to tell her."
Stella: "She's a mean thing—I dold her
not to tell you I told her." stell:
Ella: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell
you she told me—so don't tell her I did."—
Brooklyn Life.

Our dachshund is a clever beast.

He wagsed his tail from west togast;
And back agein, until we leased;
Our flat and moved uptown;
But now his compass hath no Bust
Nor West; he wags—oh, prudest heast!
He wags it up and down.

Towa Topic

utter and complete, and Philip himself had

"You wouldn't believe it, furtherant, but only yesterday a Lieutenant, lay at my feet." "Oh, yes! Lieutenants som stumble!"—Fliegende Blaetter

heart that was breaking with its sense of